FROM THE NEXT PAGE, SOMETHING CALLED A BD (BANDE DESSINÉE, OR FRENCH MANGA) BEGINS! THIS PAGE WAS WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY TERADA KATSUYA-SENSEI.

From the next page on, you'll have to read this manga in the reverse sense. This comic is read from left to right, so start getting used to it!
Well then, everyone: please enjoy Nicolas de Crécy's... Irresistible world!
Sorry about her temper.
HURRY UP, GIRL! BRING ME SUGAR! DON'T WASTE ANY TIME! COME ON, COME ON. I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING GOOD!
MANGA BD
Here, kid. Keep turning the page. Just a little more now.
Turn it in one go!! That's right, that's good. It's not the end of the world.
ROTATE IT, PLEASE!
Alright, everyone! We shall now look at why we have rotated the page

A genius in the world of BD (bande dessinées) starts his first serialization!

プロレス狂想曲

Republic of PRO-WRESTLING

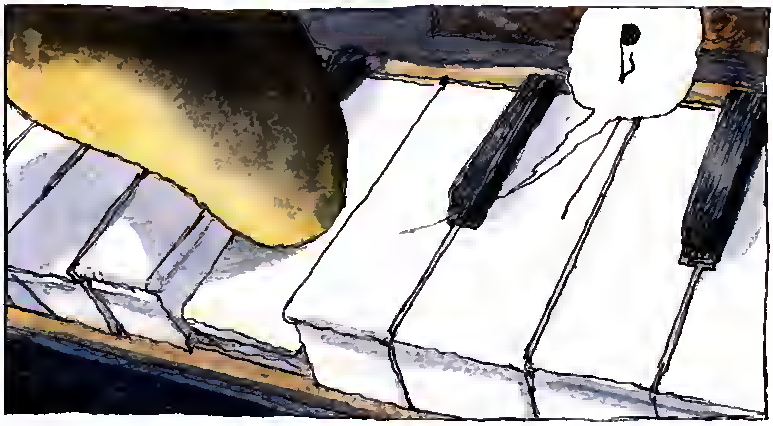
La République du catch

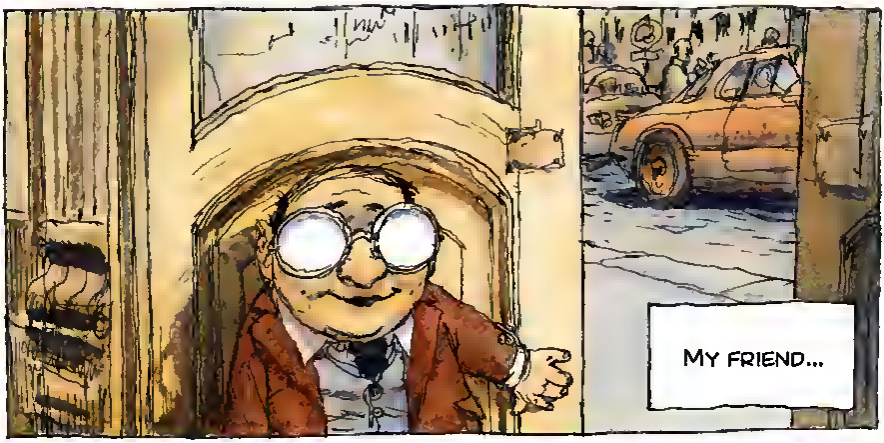
ch. 1

ニコラ・ド・クレシー

Nicolas de Crécy

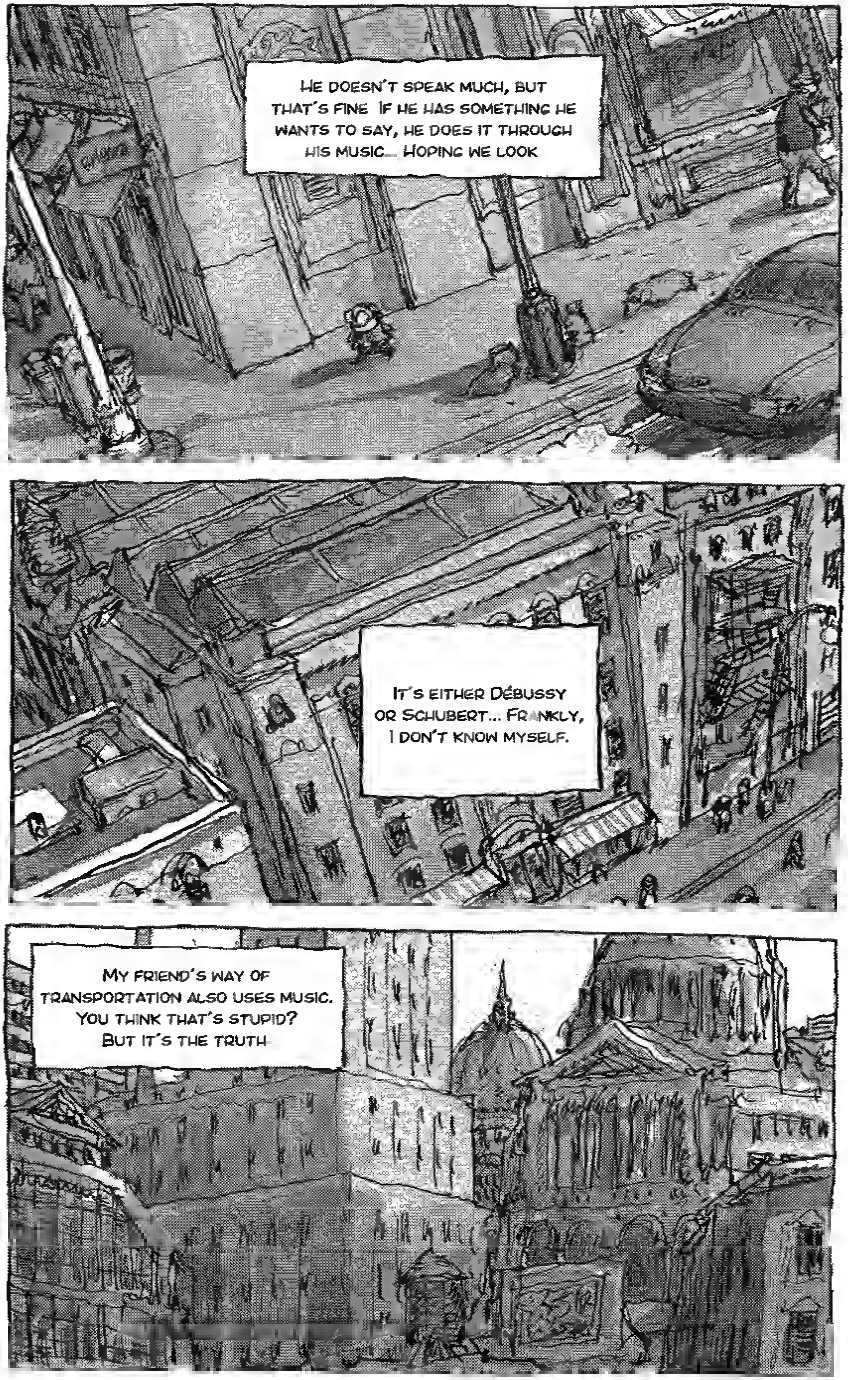
Nicolas de Crécy's strange, bizarre, yet cute story begins!

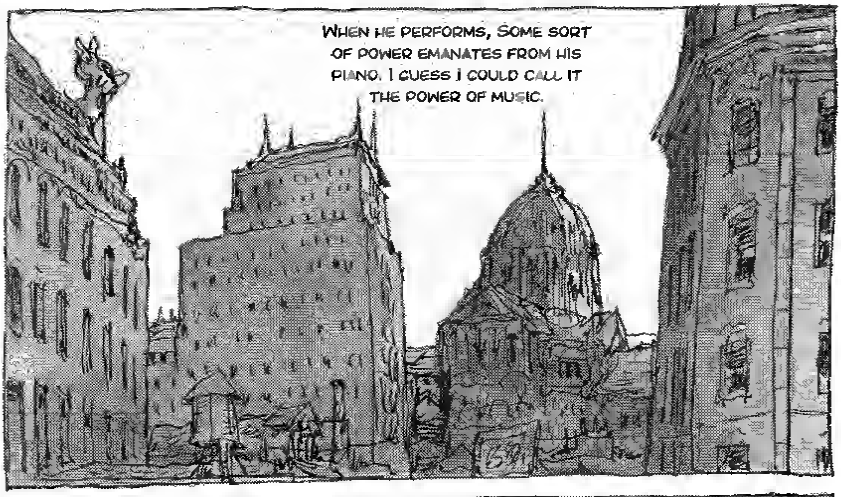



MY FRIEND...

MY ONLY FRIEND IS A PENGUIN.

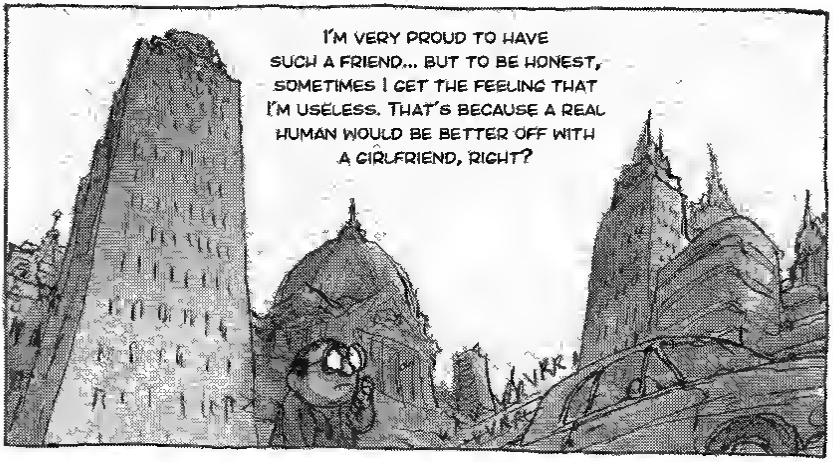
PIANO
HE HAS A SOUR LOOK ON HIS FACE, BUT IS VERY CONFIDENT.


He doesn't speak much, but that's fine. If he has something he wants to say, he does it through his music... Hoping we look
It's either Débussy or Schubert... Frankly, I don't know myself.
My friend's way of transportation also uses music. You think that's stupid? But it's the truth.

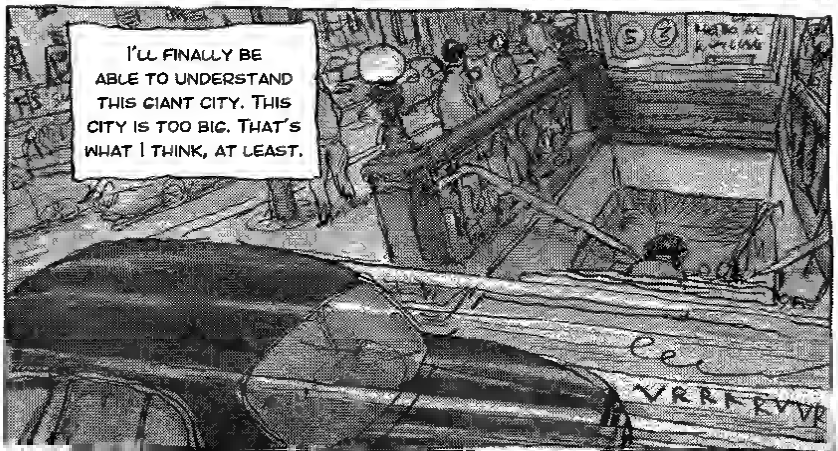

When he performs, some sort of power emanates from his piano. I guess I could call it the power of music.

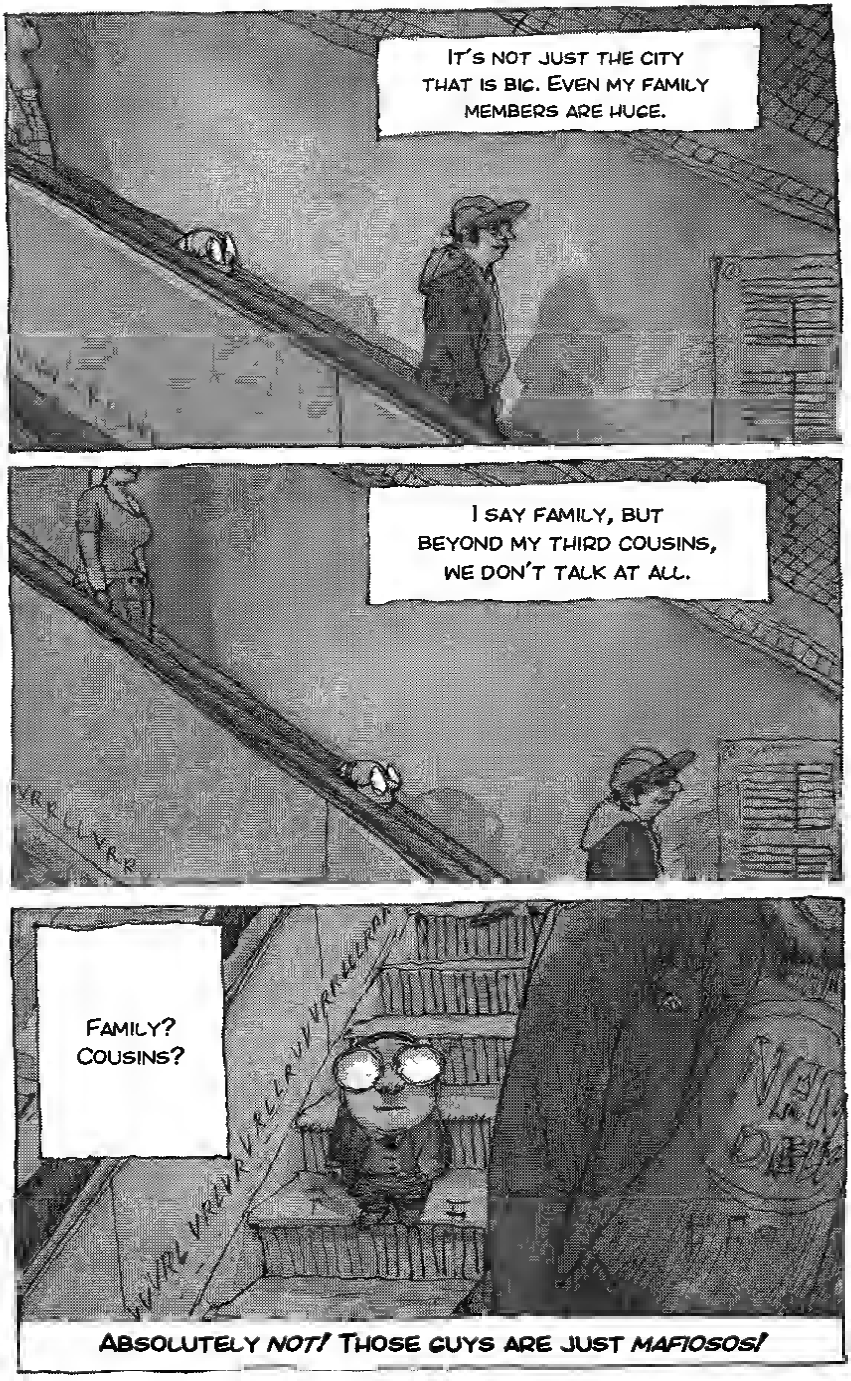
It's a strange phenomenon, but even though it doesn't do anything special, I like his performances.

I can't play the piano. I don't have the talent. But that's okay, because my job... is to *sell* pianos.


I'M VERY PROUD TO HAVE SUCH A FRIEND... BUT TO BE HONEST, SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THAT I'M USELESS. THAT'S BECAUSE A REAL HUMAN WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITH A GIRLFRIEND, RIGHT?
VRRR

ONCE I GET A NICE GIRLFRIEND...
VRRR

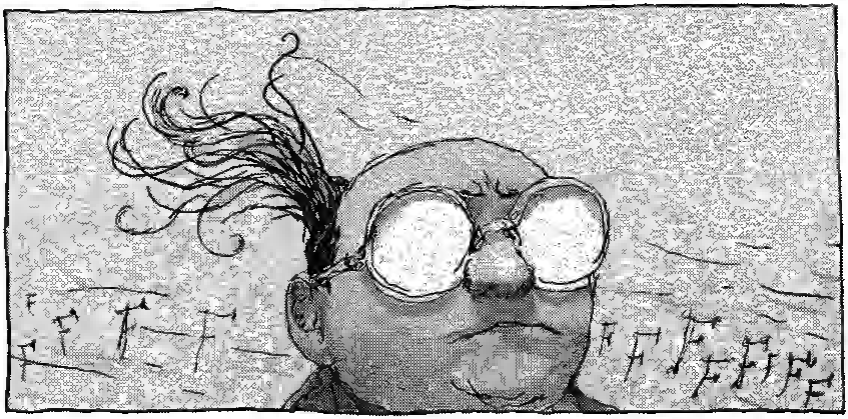

I'LL FINALLY BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THIS GIANT CITY. THIS CITY IS TOO BIG. THAT'S WHAT I THINK, AT LEAST.
VRRRRVVR


It's not just the city that is big. Even my family members are huge.
I say family, but beyond my third cousins, we don't talk at all.
Family? Cousins?
Absolutely NOT! Those guys are just MAFIOSOS!

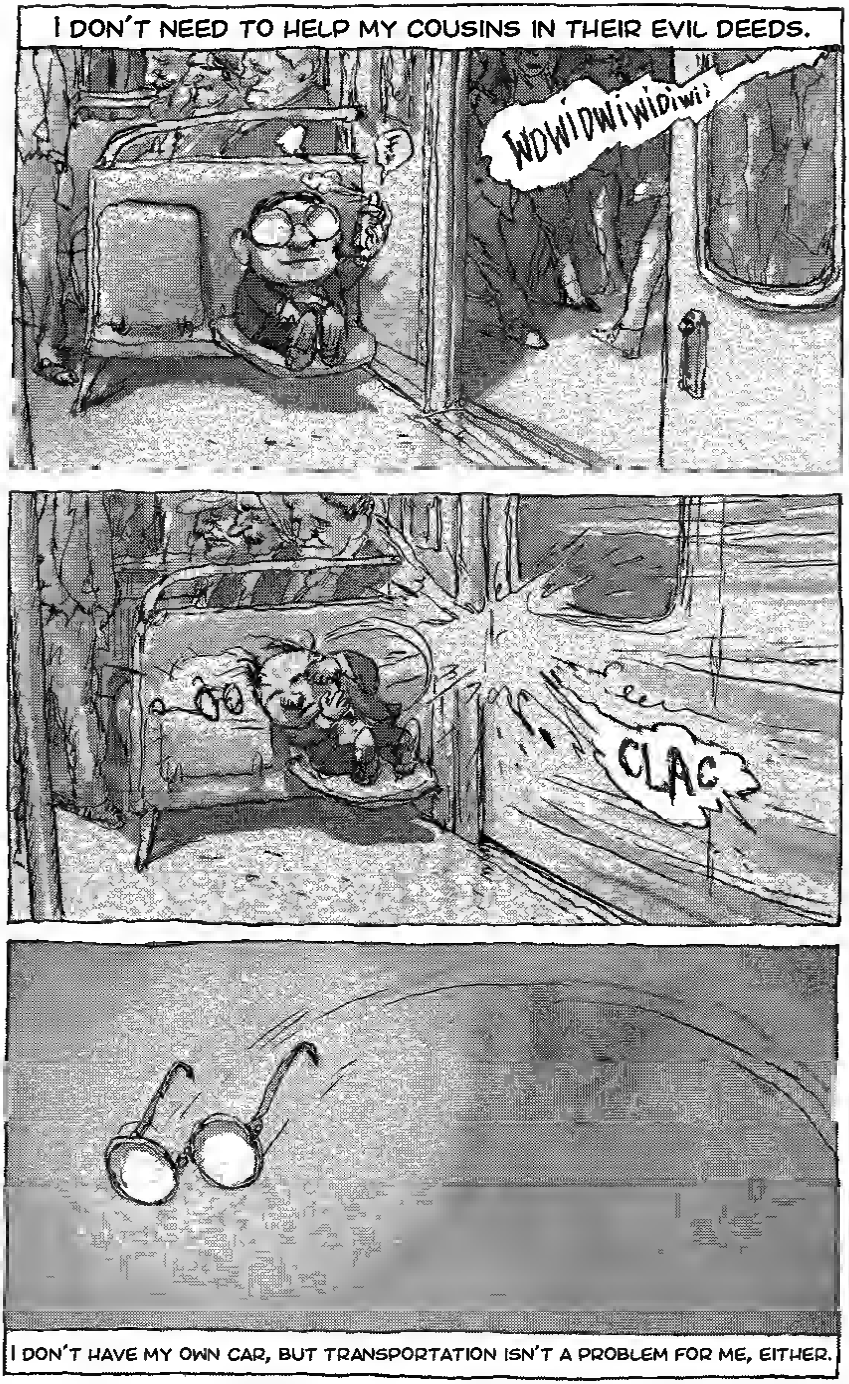
SILVIO, RODRIGO, ENRICO...
IN FRONT OF THE THREE BROTHERS, EVEN CHILDREN STOP CRYING OUT OF FEAR

WORSE THAN THEM IS THEIR ELDER SISTER'S SON, ENZO.
HE'S GROWING UP INTO SOMETHING LIKE A DEVIL!

I WISH TO WITHDRAW FROM THIS KIND OF FAMILY!



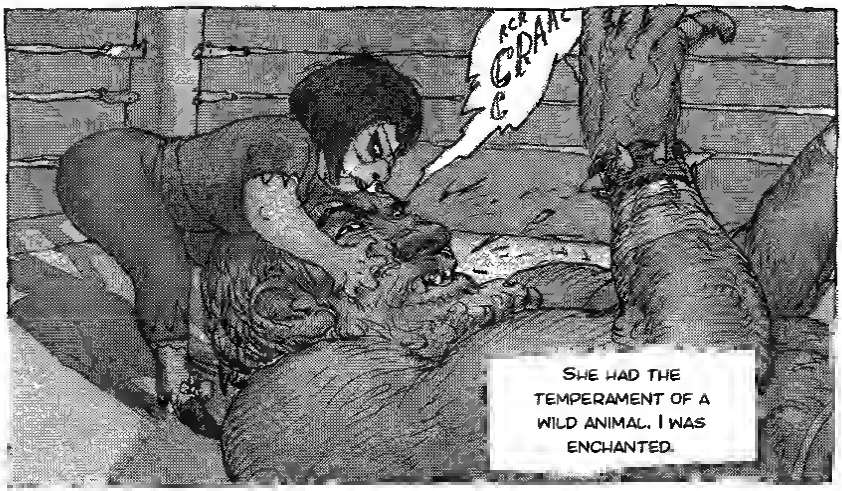
MY LATE PARENTS LEFT ME TO RUN THE STORE. THANKS TO THIS I SOMETIMES MISS MEALS. BUT I HAVE NO CONCERNS.


I DON'T NEED TO HELP MY COUSINS IN THEIR EVIL DEEDS.
WDWIDWIWIDIWI
CLAC
I DON'T HAVE MY OWN CAR, BUT TRANSPORTATION ISN'T A PROBLEM FOR ME, EITHER.

AAH... BUT HOW I DREAM OF OWNING ONE.
FOR EXAMPLE, MY COUSIN ENRICO IS A FIRST CLASS GOOD-FOR-NOTHING...
BUT HE HAS A CAR, SO HE'S POPULAR WITH WOMEN.

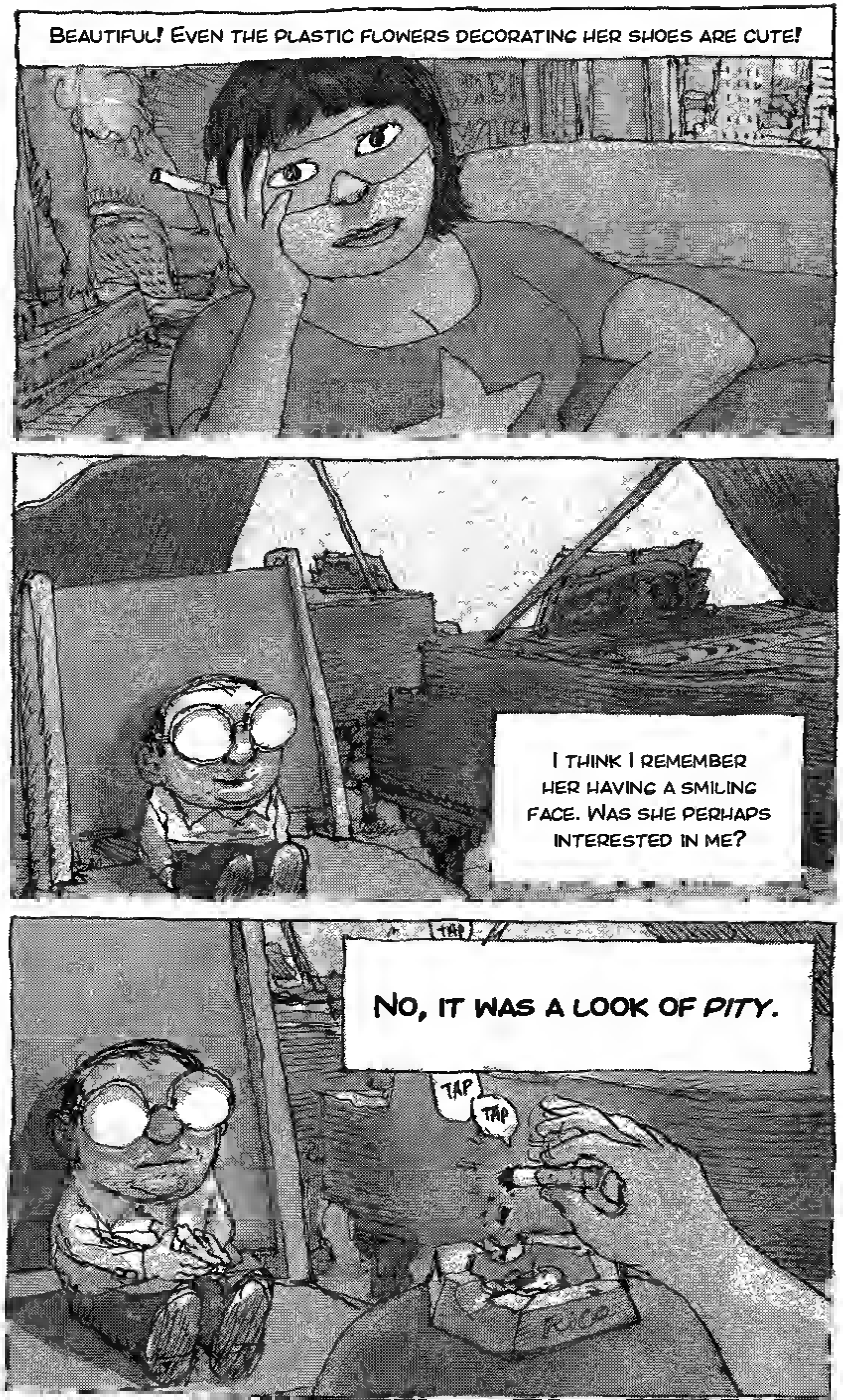
That bastard Enrico is too fortunate!

Someday I, too, will be with the person I love.
Aah, Bernice..! The first time I saw you was at the "Republic of Pro-Wrestling" hall.

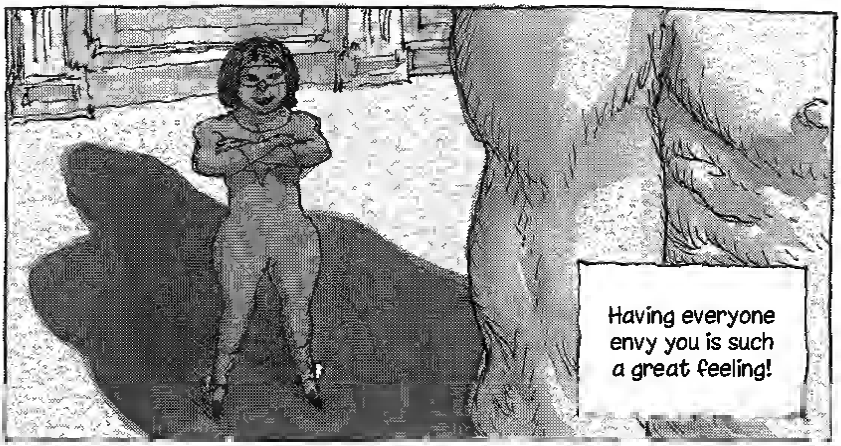

She had the temperament of a wild animal. I was enchanted.

It was a beautiful spring day. She was walking at a brisk pace. I frantically chased her by taxi.
TAXI

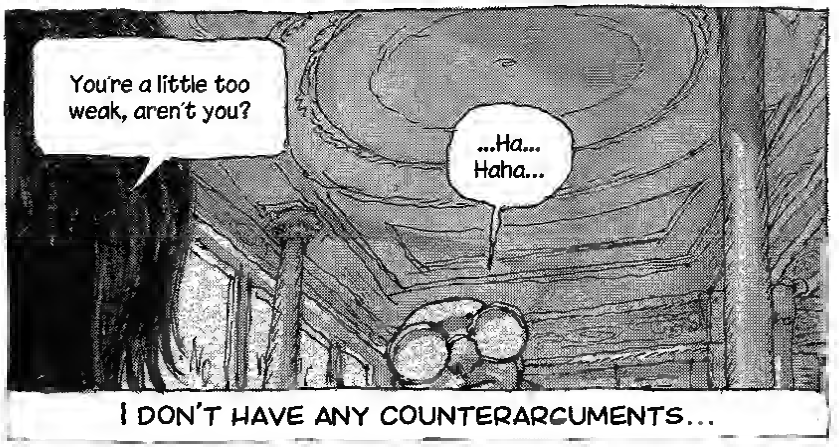
I remember catching up to her and inviting her to my house. She sat down on the sofa. I value it the most.


BEAUTIFUL! EVEN THE PLASTIC FLOWERS DECORATING HER SHOES ARE CUTE!
I THINK I REMEMBER HER HAVING A SMILING FACE. WAS SHE PERHAPS INTERESTED IN ME?
TAP
NO, IT WAS A LOOK OF *PITY*.
TAP
TAP
RICE

Mario, I'm flattered by your feelings, but I prefer men who are strong.
There's already someone I like.
The Republic of Pro-Wrestling's star wrestler-Ares!
There's no one who can beat him, that means not even you can. It's not even worth talking about.
ARES
Every girl yearns for him. Everyone is jealous.
Of me!

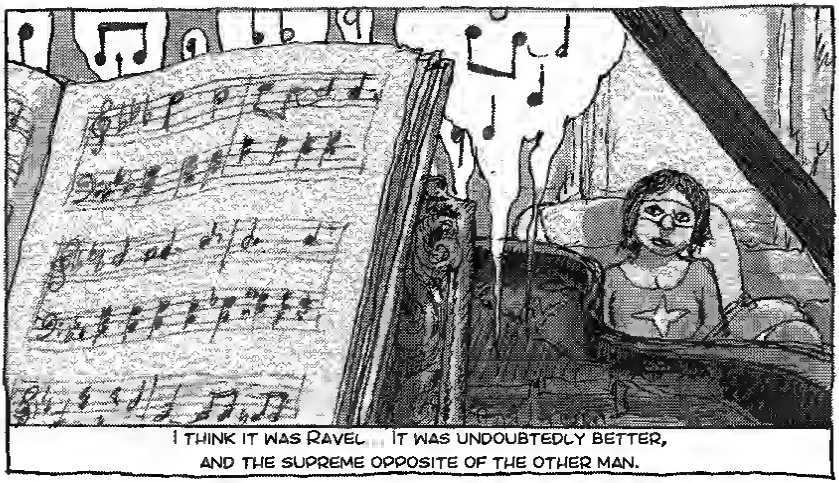


IF YOU SAY THINGS LIKE THAT...

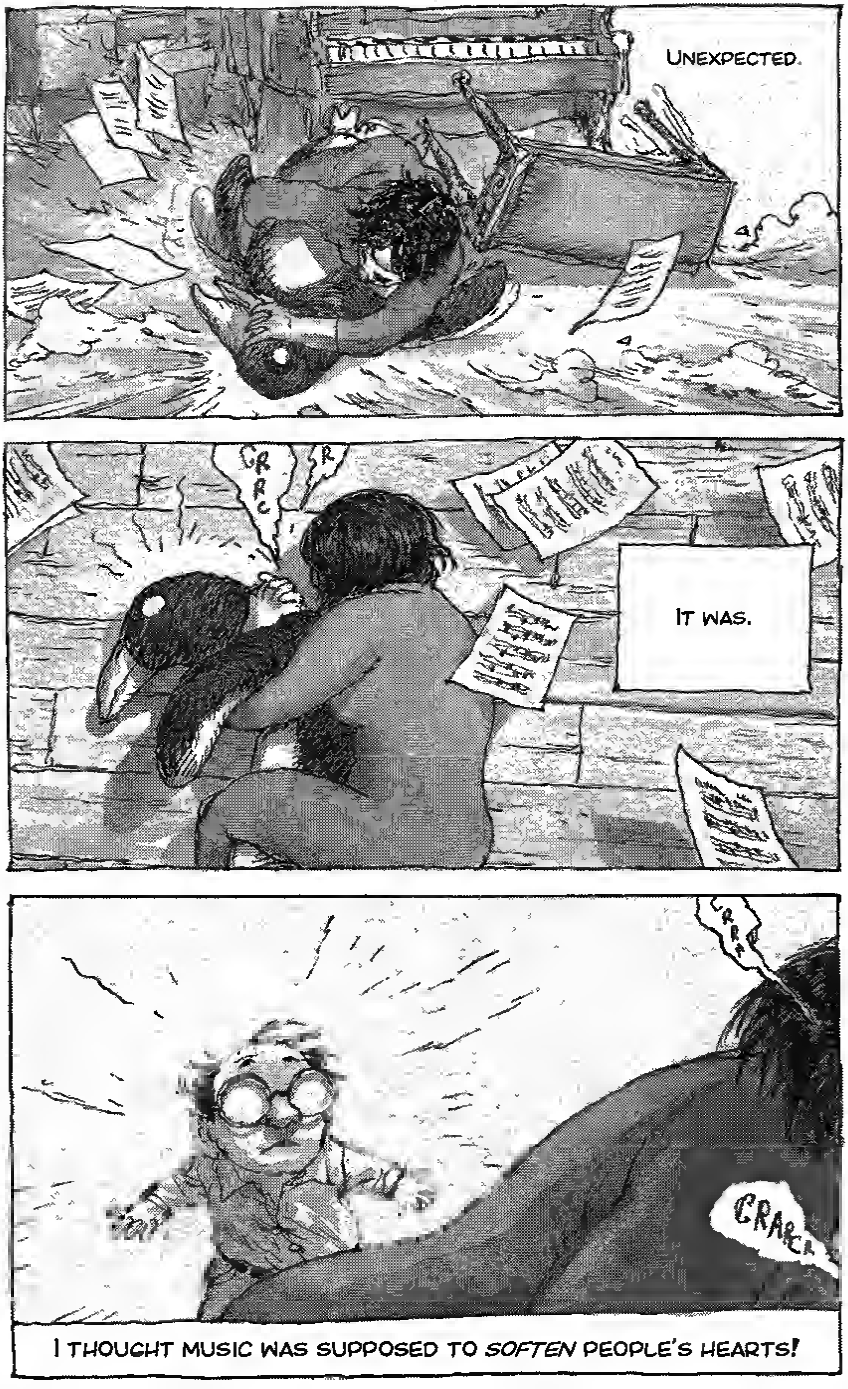


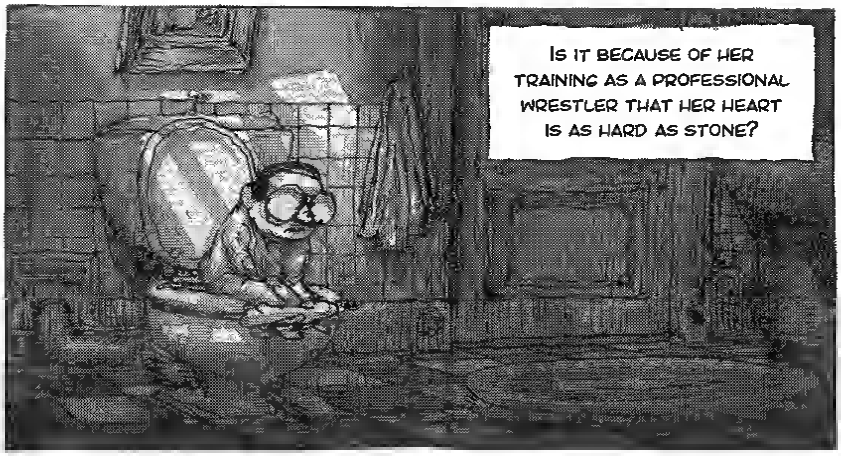
I DON'T HAVE ANY COUNTERARGUMENTS...

You like music, don't you?
Yes.
Well, it depends.
What do you think about this?

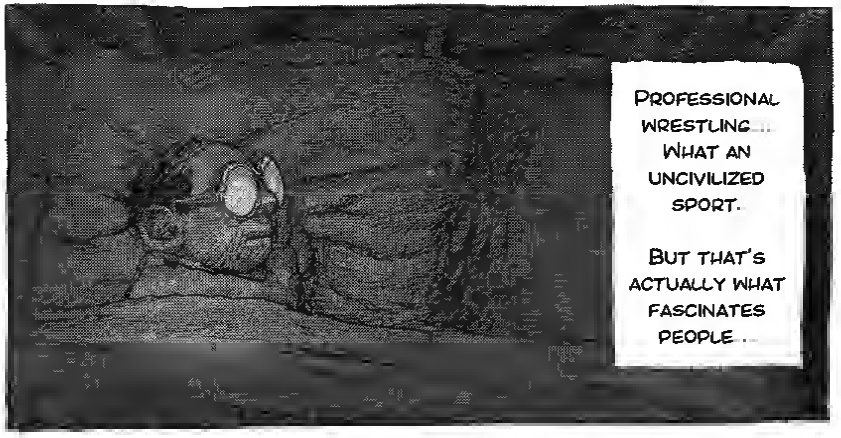

I THINK IT WAS RAVEL... IT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY BETTER,
AND THE SUPREME OPPOSITE OF THE OTHER MAN.

HAVING THIS MUSIC
PLAYED WAS MY PLAN.
HER REACTION WAS...

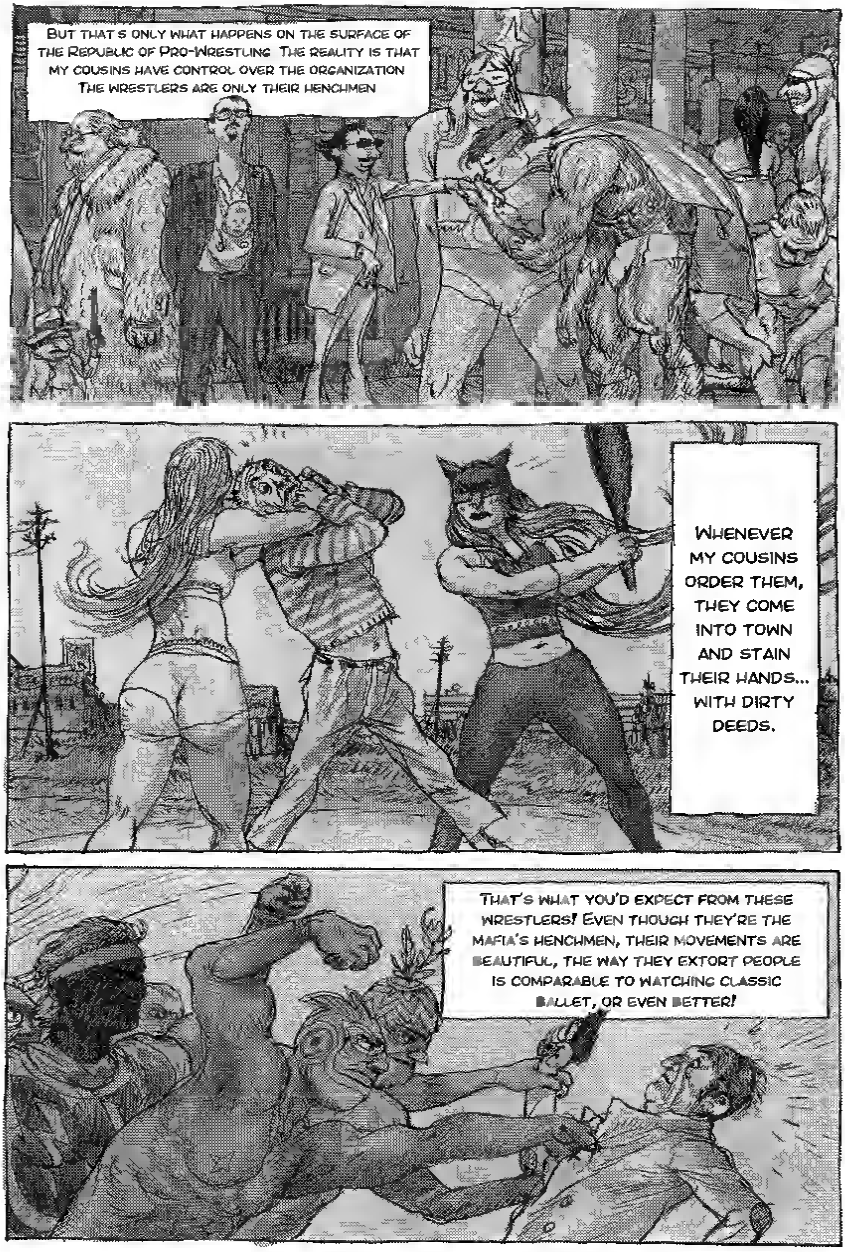

UNEXPECTED.
CRRC
R
IT WAS.
CRRC
I THOUGHT MUSIC WAS SUPPOSED TO *SOFTEN* PEOPLE'S HEARTS!


Is it because of her training as a professional wrestler that her heart is as hard as stone?

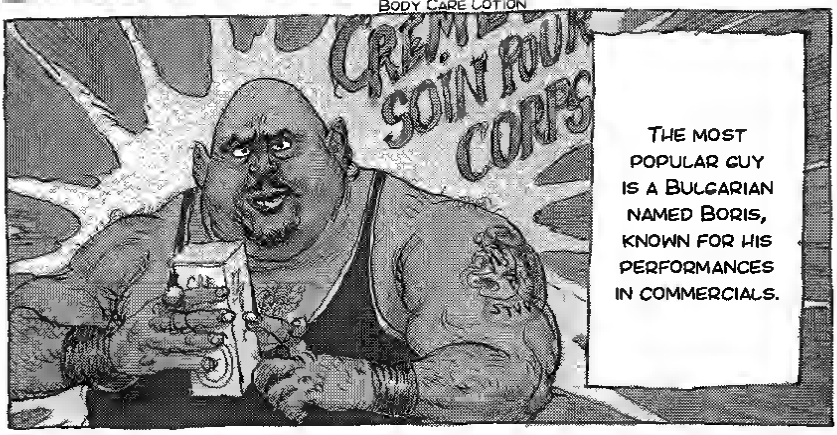
After that event, I spent most of my time in bed, and my friend didn't play any music.

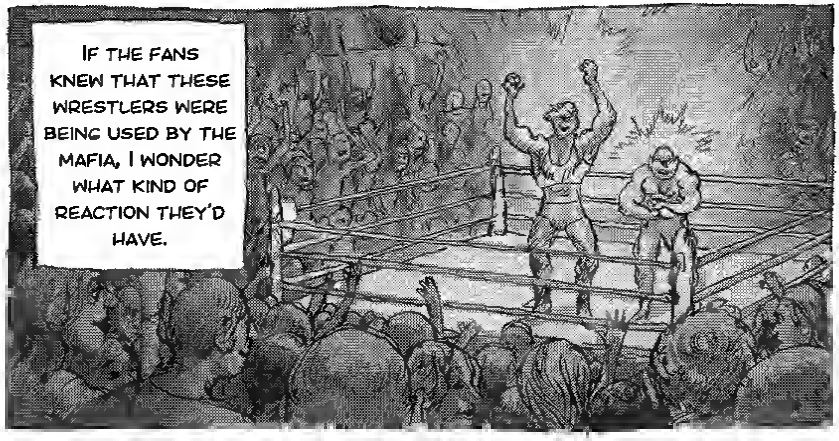

Professional wrestling... What an uncivilized sport.
But that's actually what fascinates people...

Actually, isn't wrestling the king of sports?
Power, dignity, and gaudy clothing all converge on one body.
I look up to professional wrestlers, too. They train day and night as the Republic of Pro-Wrestling and engage in ruthless combat so spectators can enjoy themselves.


But that's only what happens on the surface of the Republic of Pro-Wrestling. The reality is that my cousins have control over the organization. The wrestlers are only their henchmen.
Whenever my cousins order them, they come into town and stain their hands... with dirty deeds.
That's what you'd expect from these wrestlers! Even though they're the mafia's henchmen, their movements are beautiful, the way they extort people is comparable to watching classic ballet, or even better!

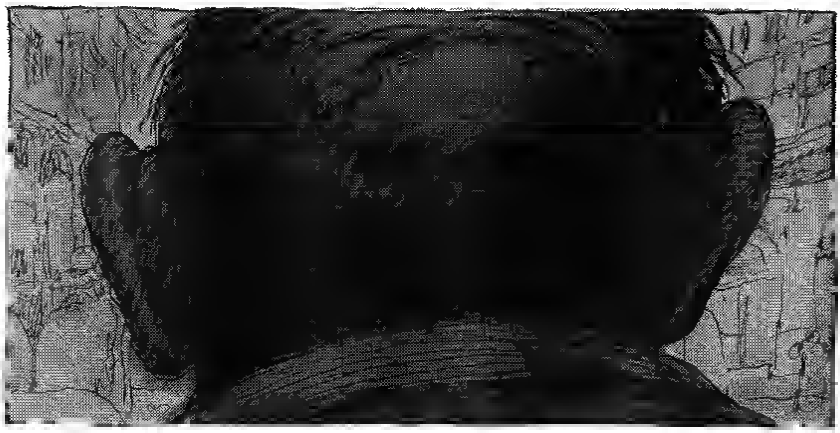
Although it seems like the place they shine the most is in the ring...

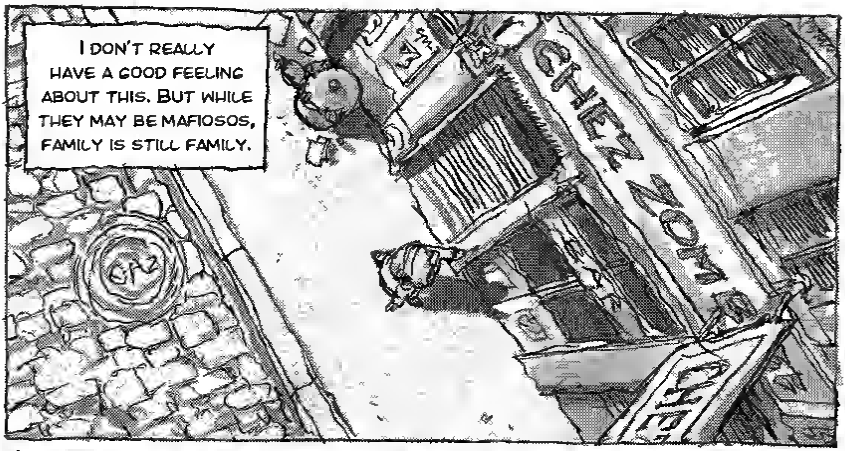

Body Care Lotion
The most popular guy is a Bulgarian named Boris, known for his performances in commercials.


If the fans knew that these wrestlers were being used by the mafia, I wonder what kind of reaction they'd have.

JUST A LITTLE BEFORE THIS, I HAD A DREAM, TOO.
I WAS ABLE TO JOIN THIS FESTIVAL OF MUSCLE, AND OBTAIN GLORY...
BUT IN THE RING, MY FIGURE WAS TOO SMALL, AND I COULDN'T BE SEEN. I BECAME NOTHING.
AFTER ALL, I'M A SHADOW OF A MAN. I LIVE QUIETLY. THAT'S MY LIFE.
I'M THE STORE'S SHADOW. I'M THE PIANO'S SHADOW.

I'M THE QUIET SHADOW OF MUSIC...

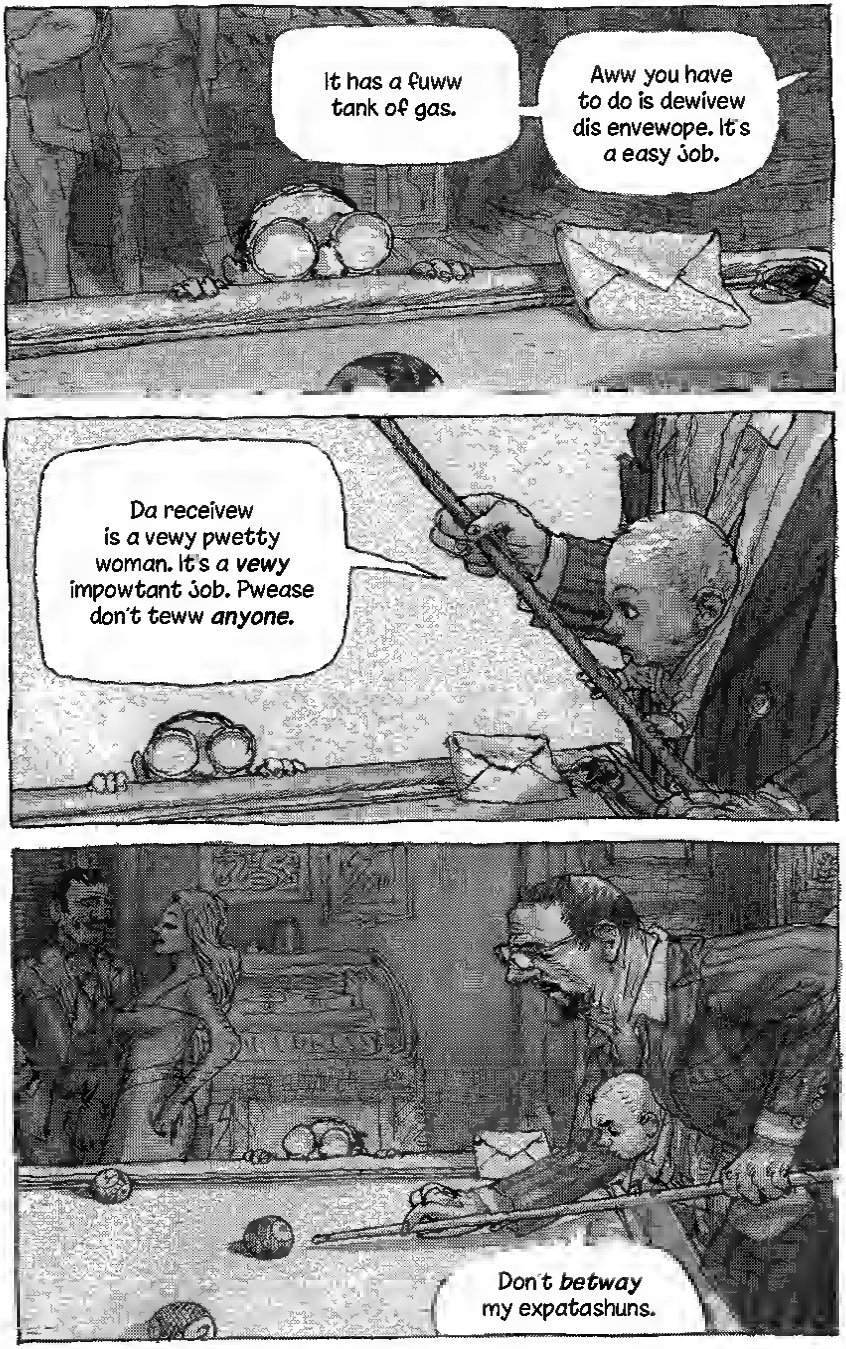


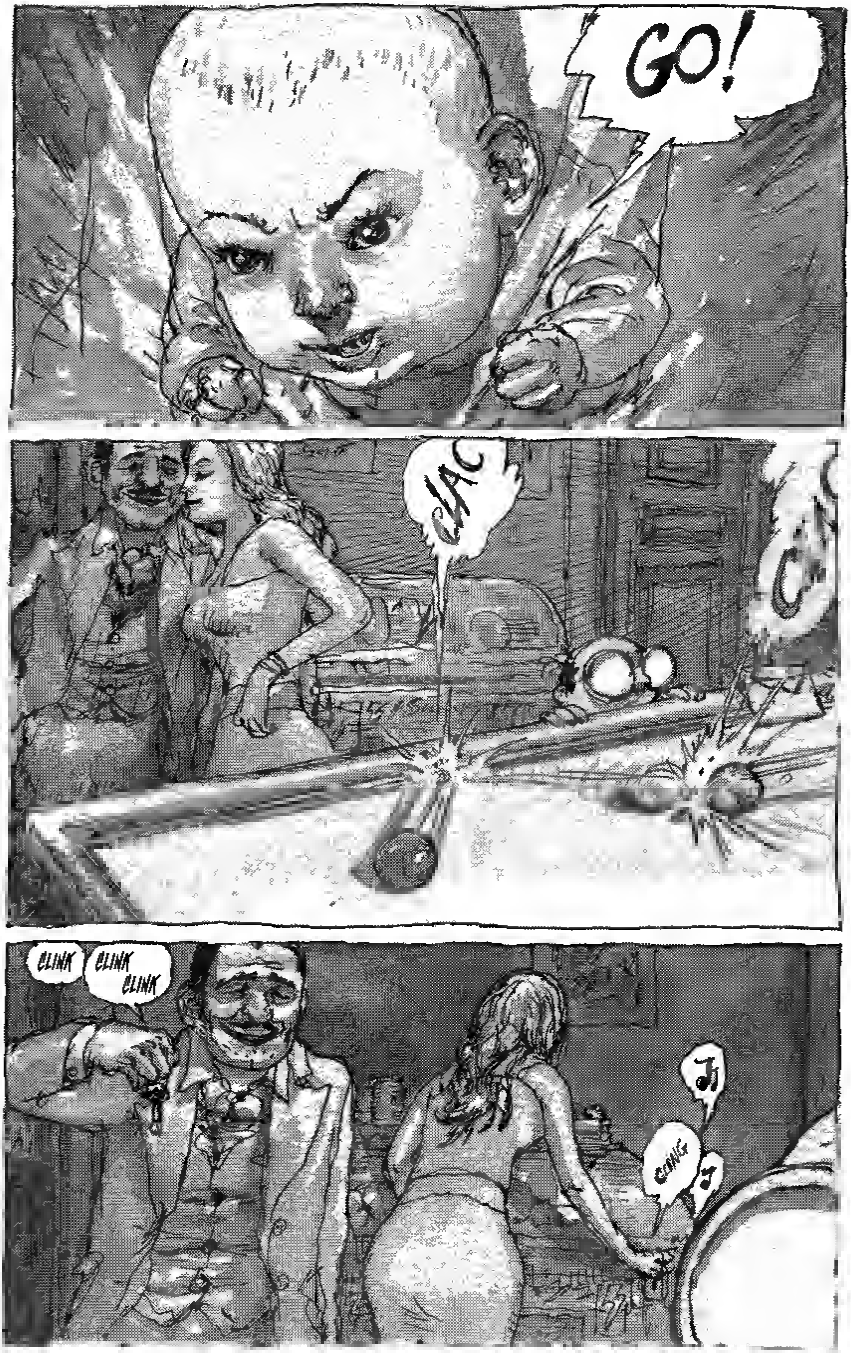

I DON'T REALLY HAVE A GOOD FEELING ABOUT THIS. BUT WHILE THEY MAY BE MAFIOSOS, FAMILY IS STILL FAMILY.
CHEZ ZOM

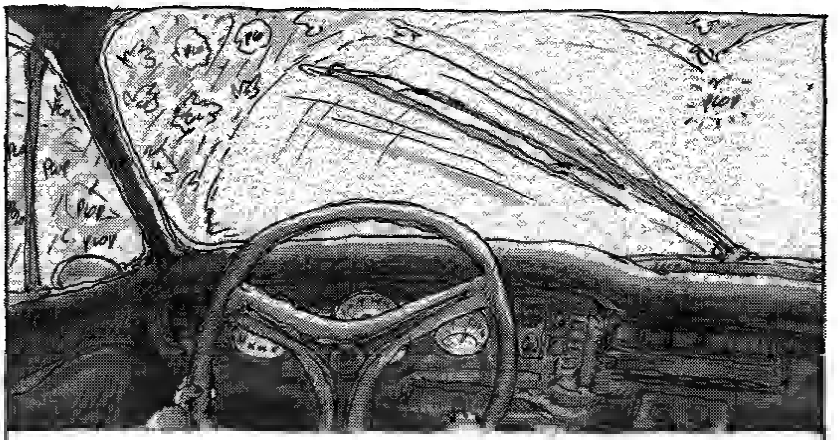
MY FAMILY ISOLATES ITSELF IN SOLITUDE FOR COMFORT.

WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, THEY'LL PROTECT THEMSELVES.

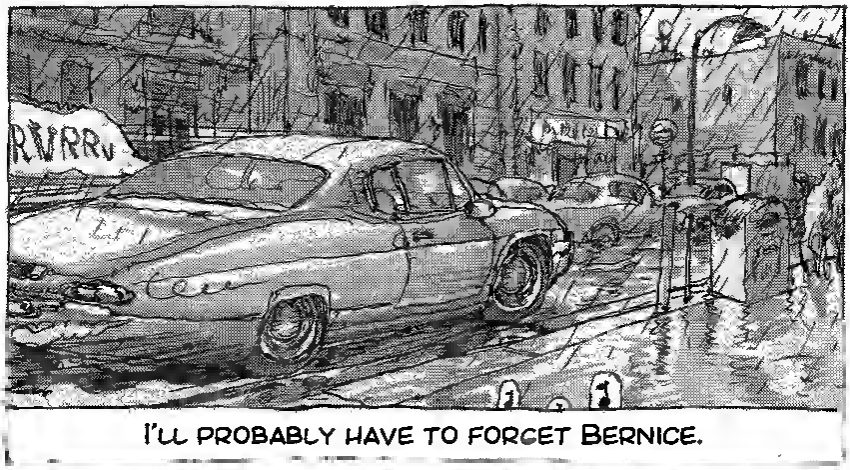
CLAC
Uncwe Mawio, wiww you not dwive my cah?
It's a Wincoln 460 with 38 horsepowah. It's da best cah out dere.


It has a fuww tank of gas.
Aww you have to do is dewivew dis envewope. It's a easy job.
Da receivew is a vewy pwetty woman. It's a vewy impowtant job. Pwease don't teww anyone.
Don't betway my expatashuns.

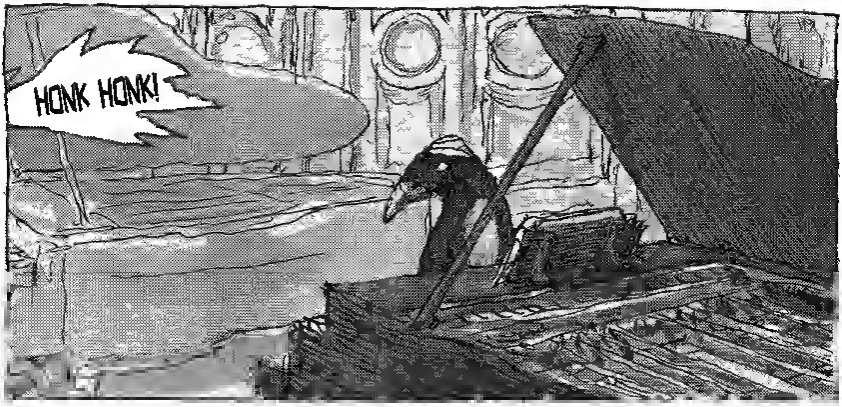

GO!
CLAC
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
CRANG

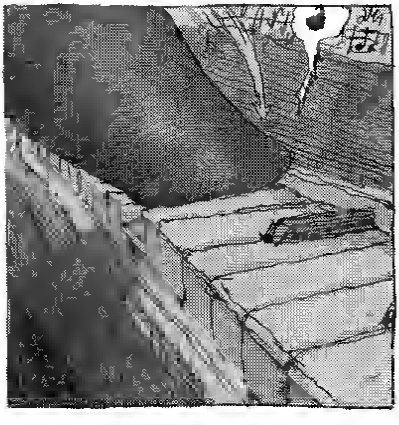


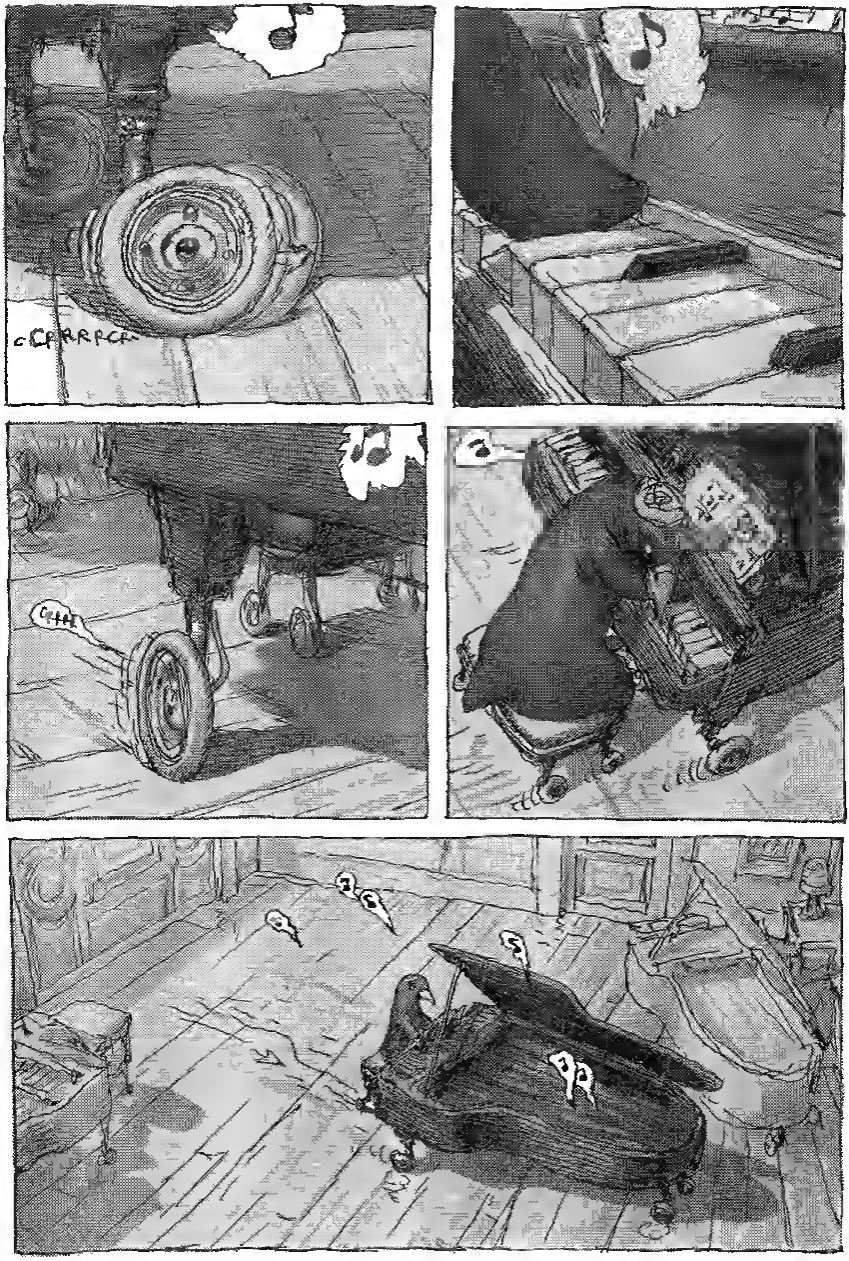
EITHER WAY, WITH THIS POWERFUL MACHINE, I'LL BE SURE TO FIND HER QUICKLY... A CUTE GIRL WHO LOVES PENGUINS AND GOOD MUSIC...

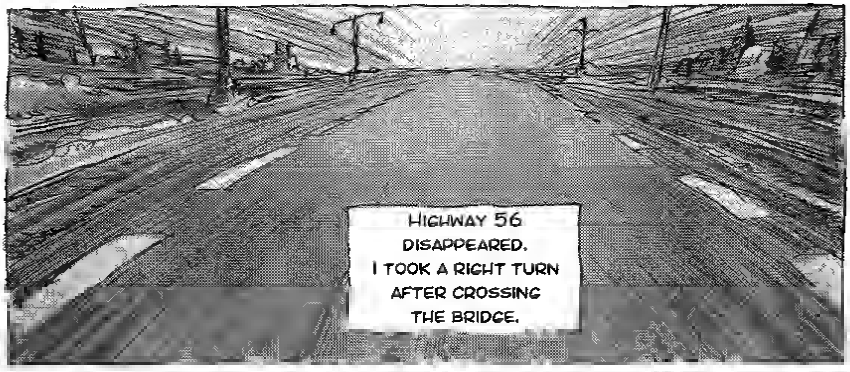


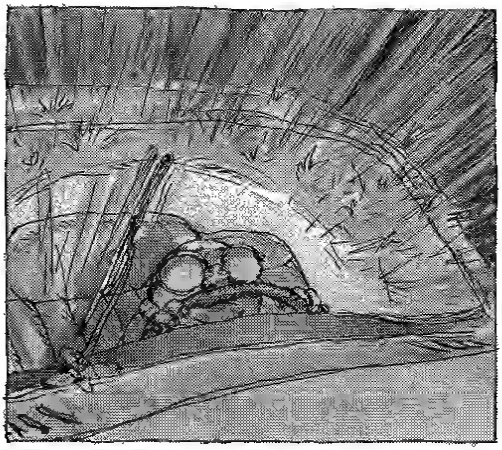
I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO FORGET BERNICE.

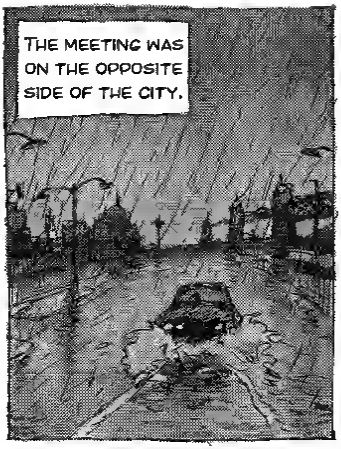


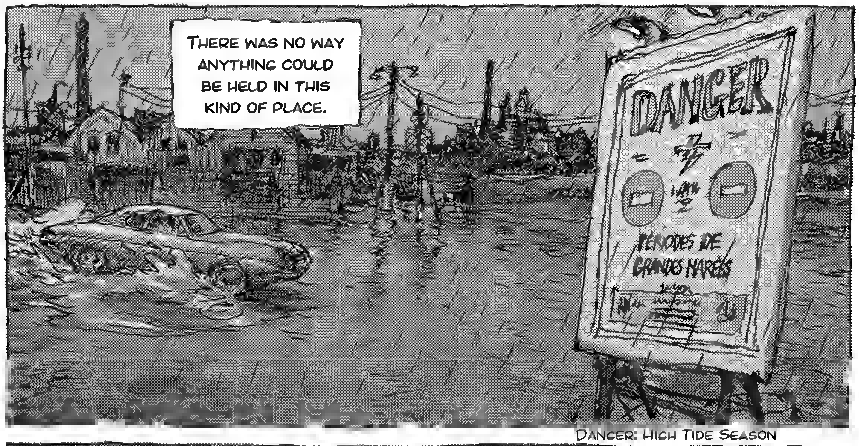



CRRRRCH
EEEE

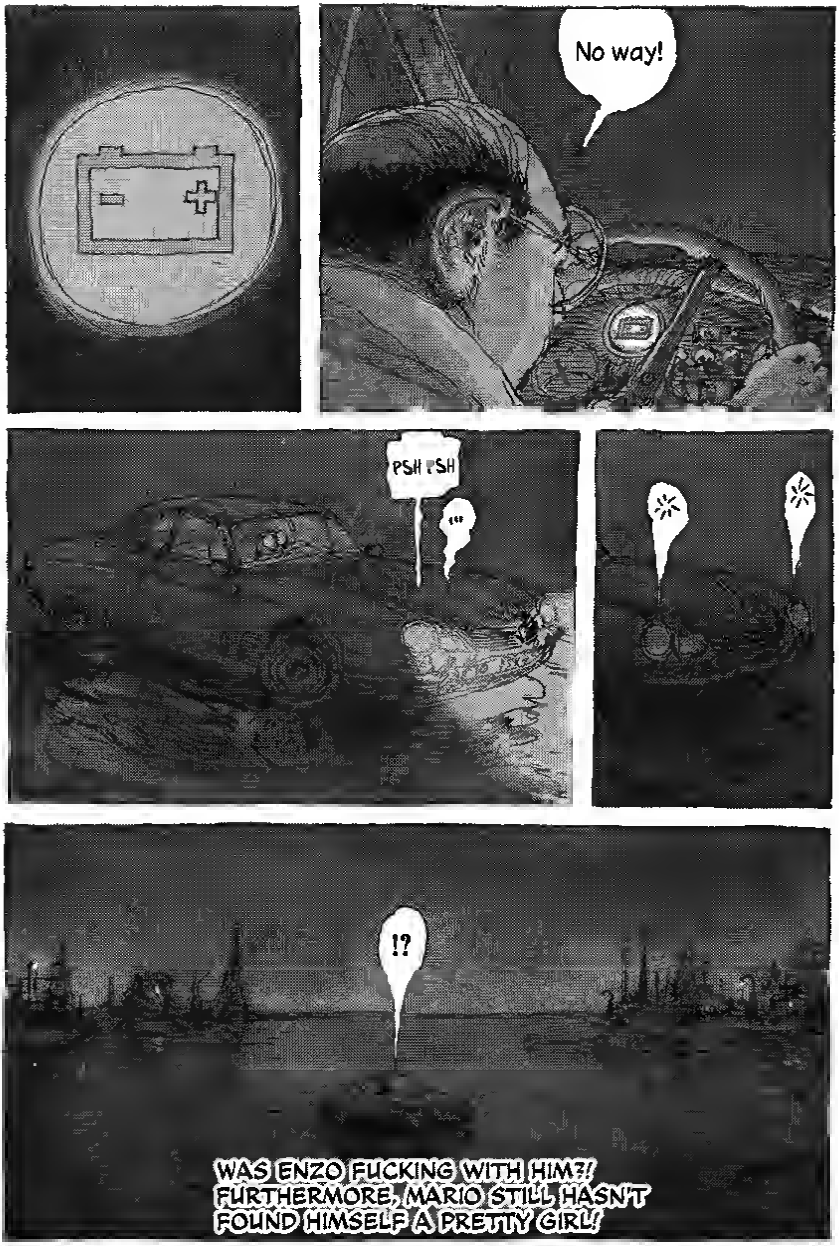

HIGHWAY 56
DISAPPEARED.
I TOOK A RIGHT TURN
AFTER CROSSING
THE BRIDGE.




THE MEETING WAS
ON THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OF THE CITY.



DANGER: HIGH TIDE SEASON



To be continued

プロレス
Republic of Pro-Wrestling
狂想曲
ch.1
En Utopia Mayo de 1982
Presented by Breading Bad Scans
TRANSLATION: Zera
EDITING: Otafreek